

The Historie of

Prince Well, here is my leg.

Falst. And here is my speech, stand aside Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Falst. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how how he holds his countenance?

Falst. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene,
For teares doe stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as
euer I see.

Falst. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.

Harry, I do not only maruell, where thou spendest thy times:
but also, how thou art accompanied. For, though the cammomil
the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: yet youth, the more
it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue partly
thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villainous
tricke of thine eie, and a foolish hanging of thy neather lip, that
doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to mee, heere lieth the
point: why, being sonne to me, arte thou so pointed at? Shall the
blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate blacke-ber-
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of *England* proue
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many
in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch (as antient writers
doe repute) dooth defile: so dooth the company thou keepest:
for *Harry*, now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not
in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes also:
and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy
company, but I know not his name.

Prince What maner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Falst. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full look, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think,
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to three score, and now I
remember me, his name is *Falstaf*: if that man should be lewd-
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I see vertue in his looks: if
then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaf*,
him keepe with, the rest banish: and tel me now, thou naughtie
varlet, tell me, where hast thou bin this month?

Henrie the fourth.

Prince Dost thou speake like a king? do thou stand for mee,
and ile play my father.

Falst. Depose me: if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiesti-
cally both in worde and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a
rabbet sucker, or a Poulsters Hare.

Prince Well, heere I am set.

Falst. And here I stand, iudge, my masters.

Prince Now, Harry, whence come you?

Falst. My noble Lord, from Eastcheape.

Prince The complaints I heare of thee, are grienous.

Falst. Zblood my Lord, they are false: nay, ile tickle yee for a
yong Prince Ifaith.

Prince Swarest thou, vngracious boy? henceforth ne're looke
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a di-
uell haunts thee, in the likenesse of an old fat man, a tun of man
is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that truncke of
humours, that boulding hutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcell
of dropies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff cloake-bag of
guts, that roasted Manningtree Oxe with the pudding in his bel-
ly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquitie, that father ruffian, that
vanitie in yeeres, wherein is he good? but to taste sacke & drinke
it? wherein neat & cleanly, but to carue a capon & eat it? where-
in cunning, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villanie? wherein
villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your grace would take mee with you, whom
meanes your grace?

Prince That villanous abhominable misleader of youths *Fal-
stalffe*, that old white bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince I know thou doest.

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe,
were to say more then I know: that hee is olde, the more the pit-
tie, his white haire doe witnesse it: but that he is, sauing your re-
uerence, a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if sacke and sugar be
a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a sinne,
thē many an old host that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be
hated, thē Pharaos leane kine are to be loued. No, my good lord,
banish Peto, banish Bardol, banish Poincs, but for sweet sacke
F 2 *Falstalffe*